

CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

E. CUSHMAN, PUBLISHER AND EDITOR.

"WHAT THOU SEEST, WRITE—AND SEND UNTO THE—CHURCHES."

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TERMS.

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COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Christian Secretary.

INTERESTING LETTER

FROM A CLERGYMAN TO HIS SISTER.

DEAR SISTER.—There is nothing of more importance for us than to be prepared for heaven. Nothing but the righteousness of Christ can entitle us to the blessings of the Covenant of Grace. This is a sentiment generally believed, but alas! how often does an attachment to the covenant of works contradict our faith, bear the sway in our hearts, and inward sentiments, and place our own feelings and the graces bestowed upon us in place of Christ, and either make our comfort in religion, wickled us from our frames, or leave us to despond and fear lest we have no Saviour, even when he is carrying on his own work in our hearts. It is truly astonishing to think how shamefully little dependence is placed in Christ, even by his own dear people. I have sometimes taken a view of myself, from the first moment I have any reason to believe I felt religion. I spent twelve years and a half in difficulties, toils, and wretched self-righteousness, firmly believing salvation to be through grace, and yet seemed to forget that Jesus alone could save a sinner. I often made application to him with tears and begged his assistance over and over; his faithful word in his hand, pointing me to trust my all to him, but my poor self-righteous soul, wanting something in me to entitle me to him, kept constantly poring over my own feelings and exercises, and always seeking and seemingly never able to find. Trusting to nothing but my own feelings, I thought that he that felt so and so, should be saved, but I forgot always that he that believeth shall be saved. Thus I became a prey to every remaining lust that was in me. For my life, I could not keep from sinning, and every sin destroyed my peace. All my dependence was in a holy heart, but alas! I found I was carnal, sold under sin. Rom. vii: 14; compare with viii: 6, 8. This made me often cry, Oh, wretched man that I am! but still I never went so far as to thank God for Christ's sake. Rom. vii: 23, 24; compare with viii: 1, 2, 9, 10, 12. How I have sincerely pitied many a dear child of God going on thus, always engaged in his own feelings, but never trusting to Him who alone is able to save.

We cry up evidences of religion. Would to God we had more evidences than we have—but it is base, it is on a legal score, to trust to one or a thousand of the best evidences that God ever put into a sinner's heart, or refuse to come to Christ when we cannot see these evidences. How often do we sit down and despond, when we feel corruption, or when overtaken by a fault; and the true reason is, we are unwilling to come to Christ without some *holly principle* to recommend us. Whenever we think ourselves ugly, we think Christ will have nothing to do with us, and stay back until we pray, confess, repent and live awhile in a better way, then we imagine we can come forward, and if we happen to fall into sin on the way, we turn right back and fall on our faces and weep and mourn till we wipe away our crime—then we come to Christ, depending on nothing for our acceptance with him, but our repentance, tears and reformation—and while we continue in a pretty lively frame we can venture almost to call Jesus our Saviour, but as soon as we get into darkness and coldness, or into some sin, we are all despondence and doubt again. Rom. ix: 31, x. 3, and references.

This is the wretched race I ran for twelve years, depending on my own work and God's work in me, and not on himself, who had promised to do all things for me. I dragged heavily, wading through darkness, temptation, and tears, and no wonder, when I had no dependence on any thing but what I had in hand, and often I thought I had nothing, and I looked not to Christ, to support my hope in future. When I feel a good evidence, I have not confidence in Christ, I am trusting to that evidence, and when I seek to have confidence in Christ, then I feel that my evidence is the only pillar of my hope, and I am still recommending myself to him, and trusting to this recommendation, and not to Jesus. O the wretchedness of my heart! what little faith is given to God's word, while all our hope is in our own exercises.

Thus far, twelve years' experience taught me, the last two of which I spent in bitter lamentation and distress, in which time I studied the nature of faith for life and death, and the more I thought, the less I knew about it, and I am persuaded that if any man buy his knowledge of faith so dear as I did, he will thank God for it when he gets it. After two years anxiety, preaching every Sabbath, awful apprehensions of eternity, conscious that I knew nothing of the Gospel, almost in despair, searching the scriptures to know what I was, and what would become of me, it pleased God to bring me out of an abyss of darkness into the blaze of assurance. I always thought that by evidences, I was to know whether I was to be saved or not. I took my bible, read over John's 1st Epistle, compared my heart and life, and compared again and again, and Scripture where marks are given, and all books, and my own knowledge of what Christians ought to feel. I left nothing untried, but one thing, and that was

the main thing. At length I read the Scriptures, "he that believeth shall not be ashamed."

My poor hardened soul met the joyful tidings with pleasure and surprise. I never before, at least with any degree of confidence, saw Christ offered in the gospel. I took him at his word, gave up myself to him, and placed my hope alone in him. I clearly saw that I had all along been trusting to my own feelings, duties, repentance, &c., but I cast them all behind my back, and counted them as dung, and came to a precious and faithful Saviour, with nothing but sin. I believed him to be faithful and able, and therefore I committed all into his hands, and looked to his faithful word for the salvation of my soul.

All this was done in five minutes. I felt easy, happy, and humble; ashamed of my former ways, and thankful to God for his most gracious deliverance. The next Sabbath I preached that sermon at M——d, on faith, which I hope you will remember as long as you live. Faith in Christ has ever since been my darling theme in the pulpit. Faith in Christ has ever since and ever shall be my only hold. Jesus is a faithful Saviour. I love his name, I love his cross, I love his word, and my whole hope is in him, and I know I shall never be ashamed, and I know this because he has said so. Now, my sister, if any ask me the reason of my hope, I answer, because I have believed on the Lord Jesus Christ. I have consented to the offer in the gospel. I trust to him alone.

Moreover, I say he is able, willing, true, faithful; he has said, promised, signed, sealed with his blood, and sworn by himself. Heb. vi. 17—20. Thus I glory in the cross of Christ. If I am asked what Christ has done for me, he has fulfilled the law, died, rose, and makes intercession for me. And as to what he has done in me, he has shown me that I am a poor, imperfect, lost sinner, in myself—that I have a wicked, wretched and deceitful, hard, unbelieving heart in me; that I have daily need of his pardoning blood and sanctifying spirit. He makes me hate myself more and more, and long for deliverance from all sin and corruption, and enables me to look to him for all I need, and I hope to enjoy. May God help my dear sister to believe. W. C. D.

For the Christian Secretary.

SERMONS FOR THE FAMILY. NO. 17.
On the Perseverance of the Saints.

"My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." John x. 27, 28.

In some copies of the Bible, the word *man* is supplied, thus, "Neither shall any *man* pluck them out of my hand." Here we may do well to consider;—that those words in the Bible, which are printed in *italic*, are *supposed* by the translator, to make sense. Paul expressed the same sentiment as the text above, when he said, "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." This doctrine is called the final perseverance of the saints, and stands opposed to the sentiment of some, that saints will, or possibly may be finally left to perish, or "fall from grace." That many professors of religion will fail of final salvation, is true from the Bible; and that many make shipwreck in the world is evident. But the doctrine that the children of God will all be brought to enjoy heaven, rests on the strong arm of the everlasting God of Israel, as seen:

First. By the fact that they are called with an holy calling, not according to works, but of him that calleth. "Chosen in him before the foundation of the world." "Whom he did foreknow, them he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his son, that he might be the first-born among many brethren. Moreover, whom he did predestinate, them he also called; and whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified."

Secondly. The act of regeneration, the new birth, or change of heart, being the work of God, qualifies the soul for the enjoyment of God. He that is born of God sinneth not. He cannot sin, (or apostatize, it may read,) because his seed remaineth in him.

Thirdly. Angels rejoice over the repenting sinner. Can they do this in full view of his final apostasy and endless pain?

Fourthly. The promises of God secure his people. "Who are kept by his power through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time." "They shall never perish." "He which hath begun a good work in you, will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." "Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God; when therefore Christ, who is your life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory."

From these scriptures we infer, that the love of God in election, the work of Christ in suffering, and the work of the Spirit in the holy calling, are all in harmony with the power and promised grace of God in keeping that which we have committed unto him against that day.

In view of this clear and encouraging doctrine, we should be thankful, and praise God for his goodness, who only maketh us to differ; and, further, we should examine our standing, lest we admire only the foundation, while our hopes are not there, but on the sand. The holy promises which so clearly confirm the doctrine of perseverance, should excite our love, our zeal, our prayers and labors for the glory of God.

To thee, O Lord, we come,
Upon thy grace rely,
Thou art our fastening home,
And will regard our cry.
Thy word is given to save us all,
Who on thy arms of mercy fall.

Self-righteousness will fail,
Quite destitute of grace;
But mercy will prevail,
For all the chosen race:
If all the saints in heaven shall stand,
Then each alone may trust thy hand.

From the N. Y. Evangelist.
SPEAK TO THAT YOUNG MAN.

NO. VI.

He has just gone out from his father's house, apprenticed to some mechanic in a distant village or city. The few years he has to spend with his master are the *seed-time* of his life. He will now form a character on which may turn his weal or woe.

If he be ingenious and industrious, much leisure time can be had for reading, and for treasuring up in his mind much knowledge. Speak to him on the subject. Tell him that time is money, and that time well spent brings that improvement to the mind which is better than silver or gold. Tell him to appropriate all his spending money for books, and then in the course of a few years he will obtain a valuable library.

H—— F—— was the son of pious, religious parents, who lived in a delightful valley between two high ranges of the Green Mountains. In early childhood, he was full of vivacity and enterprise, loving to climb those towering mountains, roll the rocks from their sides, or bound himself like a young roe through the forests that surrounded them. But at the age of 13, he left the rural scenes of his father's dwelling, to learn the printer's trade in the bustling village of M——, where vice stalked forth unblushingly at noon-day; that village being then much under the influence of a host of evils which followed in the train of the last war. It was impossible for a youth long to associate with the boys of that place, without being contaminated, without being drawn into their scenes of excess. Young H—— soon began to break over the restraints which the instructions of his pious parents had thrown around him, and to join in the sports of the wicked, but not, however, without a great many compunctions of his conscience—for he had a conscience.

Still, his enterprising mind and energetic character hurried him on for a season to be one of the first to do evil. As he advanced in age, he rose from the vulgar sports of boys in the streets to the vain amusements of youth at evening parties. These were still more fascinating to his buoyant spirits; and he now entered the giddy whirl of youthful follies, which swept him on with astonishing rapidity, till he had well nigh sunk in the vortex! But that covenant-keeping God to whom his distant parents were constantly crying in behalf, held him back from ruin. And now an incident occurred, trifling in itself, but one which he often said afterwards, was the pivot on which turned all his usefulness and happiness in this life, and all his hopes of bliss beyond the grave. The hand of God was in the thing.

The youth of his age made arrangements for a splendid party on or near the 4th of July. As he considered himself among the first, he expected to have been a *leader* in that party, but was disappointed.

He felt slighted; was sorely offended, and resolved not to attend. The day came, it was a holiday to the youth; but instead of bringing any pleasure to his mind, it filled him with sullen rage. He turned his back upon all the gay scenes of the day, and wandered alone into a dense forest, till far away from the habitations of men, he laid himself down upon the bank of a swift running stream, venting his spleen against his youthful companions, who were then engaged in the festivities of the ball room.

At length the swift gliding waters caught his eye, and a new train of thought sprung up in his mind—like the following: "How swiftly pass these waters! They stop not in their course, till they reach the bosom of the mighty ocean. So passes human life! And so passes my life!

How foolish, then, for me to envy those who are wasting their precious moments in vanity and mirth!"

"Why not improve time as it flies, and seek to make myself *useful* in the world? I will—Never more will I join in the *brazenless* amusements of giddy youth; but I will take the money which I should have spent had I joined them to-day, and will buy a book; and henceforth when the young people have a party, I will buy a book, and I will read and qualify myself to hold as honorable and as useful a station in life as any of merit!

It was the wretched race I ran for twelve years, depending on my own work and God's work in me, and not on himself, who had promised to do all things for me. I dragged heavily, wading through darkness, temptation, and tears, and no wonder, when I had no dependence on any thing but what I had in hand, and often I thought I had nothing, and I looked not to Christ, to support my hope in future. When I feel a good evidence, I have not confidence in Christ, I am trusting to that evidence, and when I seek to have confidence in Christ, then I feel that my evidence is the only pillar of my hope, and I am still recommending myself to him, and trusting to this recommendation, and not to Jesus. O the wretchedness of my heart! what little faith is given to God's word, while all our hope is in our own exercises.

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If all the saints in heaven shall stand,
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and make you the means of turning some young man from that old way which wicked men have trodden, into the ways of wisdom, which are ways of pleasantness! F. J.

REVIVAL OF RELIGION.

Martha Deans, having heard much conversation in her father's family about revivals of religion, had her curiosity excited to ask her father, *What is a revival of religion?*

The question was hardly out of her lips, when her uncle Jeffrey stepped in as usual on the way to his counting-house, to ask how the family were. Mr. Dean gave his attention to his brother, who never stopped but a few minutes at that time of the day, and after the usual inquiries and answers about health and weather, asked Jeffrey what was the state of business now?

"Business," said his brother, "has been very dull the last month, but it is now reviving."

"Reviving! Here's Martha, who would like you to tell her what you mean by a revival of business."

"Why, my child, we merchants say that business is reviving when, after having but little to do for some time—no customers to buy our goods—no employment for our clerks and apprentices—we begin to have persons coming in and buying, and giving us all something to do again. But I cannot stop to talk to you more about it whenever there is a little revival of business, every man must be industrious and at his post, or his neighbor may catch his business. And here comes your farmer, so I bid you good-bye."

In came father Burrows, with his usual supply of provisions for sale. Mr. Deans asked him about the prospect of crops, and said he was afraid they had been destroyed by the long drought.

"We were greatly afraid of that," said Mr. Burrows, every thing was drooping and looking gloomy, but yesterday's rain has revived the whole country."

"What do you mean by a revival of the country, friend Burrows?"

"I mean that the grain, and the grass, and the trees, that seemed ready to die for want of rain, are now so refreshed, that the fields look brighter than ever. But I have not time to talk this morning. We must make hay while the sun shines; and I am wanted at home to get ready for the harvest."

"I will not keep you, then, Mr. Burrows. There is Mrs. Deans, who will tell you what we want to buy of you to-day: though she looks too pale to attend to much business. What is the matter, my wife?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Deans, "I have been sitting in a close, warm room, until I have been quite sick and faint, but the fresh air has revived me." I had some

"I should think she knows it; but if she does not, I can tell her, that when a person is overcome by faintness, and particularly if one sinks into a swoon, coming to it like the returning of the dead to life. Indeed, the doctors call the state of a swooning person *suspended animation*. A revival is the changing from that state to one of consciousness and health. But here we are keeping Mr. Burrows with our definitions; and I might as well be in a swoon, as to be revived and not attending to my duties. And you had better be helping Martha with her history lesson."

"Sure enough, Martha, we have forgotten our history. Come, my child, what is the subject to-day?"

"It is the chapter on the revival of letters in the fifteenth century."

"Well, what do you understand by the era that is called the revival of letters?"

"It was the period at which, after several centuries of ignorance, learning began again to be attended to; books to be written; men of genius to be patronized, and the arts to flourish."

"You talk like a book. Now can you tell me what propriety there is in calling such a period the *revival of learning*?"

"Because there had been so few that attended to learning of any kind, that it may be said to have nearly died or become unknown. And when number of persons in different parts of the world began to be ashamed of their ignorance, and to set to work to read, and study, and write again, learning may be said to have revived."

"Very correct, my child. And now, after what you have yourself said of the revival of letters, and what you heard from your uncle Jeffrey of the revival of business, from farmer Burrows of the revival of vegetation, and from your mother of the revival from a fainting fit, need you ask again what is a revival of religion? Just apply to this subject the explanations you have heard, and you will have a correct knowledge of what Christians mean when they desire such a revival. There may be a revival of one person, or in one Church, or in a larger number. There may be a revival among Christians, or among those who have not been Christians. In the former case, it is like the field, or the sick person we have spoken of; the revival is the springing up of life after a season of decline. Christians who have lost some of their zeal and interest in religious duties, recover these feelings, and live more piously and consistently than they did. When a revival takes place among those who have been careless about their souls, it is like the revival of learning you have mentioned. The ignorant study to know the truth; they are brought out of their stupidity, and led to seek for mercy

THE CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

IMPORTANT CORRECTION.—The Minutes of the last session of our State Convention were printed off and circulated with an error in relation to the time of the next session. It is stated that "the Convention adjourned to meet in Essex on the second Tuesday in July, 1840." It should be the *second Tuesday in June*. Our brethren in this State, we presume, have not been misled by this error, but as it may be possible that brethren from abroad, who are intending to visit us, may be disappointed in their calculations, Baptist papers in neighboring States are requested to notice this, and state the true time and place of the next meeting of the Connecticut Baptist State Convention—at Essex, on Tuesday, the 9th day of June, 1840.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.—A communication on this subject, signed "Observer," is received, but we rather think enough has been said about it for the present. The remarks of "Observer," are perhaps well enough, but his propositions are too palpable and self evident to deserve the space he has occupied. A brief synopsis must suffice. He thinks that one great difficulty which has not been sufficiently noticed, is, that "ministers fail to gain a sufficient audience and attention." And in answer to the question, "What must the minister do to gain the attention of his hearers?" he says, first, he should have his discourse well prepared, arranged, &c. Secondly, he should not be "too lengthy," and especially by using superfluous words and sentences. Thirdly, he should deliver his discourse in the most natural and easy manner, avoid straining his voice, and not use unnecessarily harsh language. Fourthly, his gestures should be appropriate. And finally, "if the minister can find no remedy within his reach for the dulness of the ear, he had better remove." Propositions so plain, we should think, that they will generally be assented to without much argument.

HINTON'S HISTORY OF BAPTISM.—The prospectus for this work will be found in our columns this week. We have received a line from Br. Hinton, requesting us to act as General Agent for this State. It will be impossible for us to devote the time and attention which might be expected of a State Agent, but so far as we can, we shall be happy to render our aid in introducing the work in Connecticut. Those of our brethren therefore, who will procure subscribers according to the terms specified for local agents, in the prospectus, (receiving six copies for five dollars, or thirteen for ten dollars,) are at liberty to forward the money to us at any time before the 10th of June, and we will see that the books are furnished to them when published. The Convention meeting at Essex, the second week in June, will afford a good opportunity to send orders. The resources and talents of Br. Hinton are a sufficient guaranty for the value of the work.

RHODE ISLAND.—The annual meeting of the Rhode Island Baptist State Convention was held at Newport on Wednesday, the 8th inst. The annual sermon was preached by Rev. Wm. Hague. The session was one of much interest, and the condition and prospects of the denomination in that State are represented as highly encouraging.

AND AGAIN.—The Columbus, Ohio, "Cross and Journal," of April 17, says that "Mr. Parsons, the tragedian, has again left the stage, and united with the Methodist church in Louisville, Ky." Well, we can only say that we hope Mr. Parsons may be sincere.

Mr. Ransom M. Sawyer was ordained as an Evangelist, at Hanover, N. H., on the 8th inst.

Mr. Perley P. Sanderson, a graduate of the Newton Institution, was ordained as pastor of the second Baptist church in Beverly, Mass., on the 8th inst.

HISTORICAL CELEBRATION.—The proposed celebration of the adoption of the constitution framed by the inhabitants of Hartford, Wethersfield and Windsor, in the year 1639, was held by the Connecticut Historical Society, with invited guests, in this city, on Tuesday last. The services were at the Centre Church, and consisted of hymns written for the occasion, prayers, and an address by Noah Webster, L. L. D. We were present to hear only a small portion of the address. The old gentleman, although 82 years of age, appeared quite vigorous, and his voice was clear and distinct. We intended to have published the hymns sung on the occasion, but find we have not room. In the afternoon the members of the Society and guests dined together at Gilman's Hall.

The Hartford County Medical Meeting convened at the Eagle Tavern, in the city of Hartford, on Thursday, the 9th day of April, 1840.

Chose Dr. Julius S. Barnes, of Southington, Chairman, and Dr. G. O. Sumner, of Hartford, Clerk for the ensuing year.

A dissertation on *Psoriasis* was read by Dr. S. B. Beresford, of Hartford, for which the thanks of the meeting were voted him.

Messrs. Barnes, of Southington, and Sumner Ives, of Suffield, were appointed to present dissertations at the next annual meeting.

Bartlett was a very singular man. The only object that he was known to love was money, and he has said that he would not outlive his property. From a child he was remarkably taciturn, and was scarcely ever known to smile. Of course, I cannot detail to you all the circumstances of this strange affair, which has broken in upon our quiet village, like a clap of thunder from out a clear sky.

MAD DOGS.—The Hydrophobia has made sad hav-

amongst the cattle in this vicinity, supposed to have originated from a rabid dog, killed about a month ago, in Waterford. In Waterford, Salem, Montville and East Lyme, there have been it is said, cattle and hogs to the amount of five hundred dollars killed.—We have lately heard of one dog thus affected, and no new cases of madness for several days. So great is the alarm of our inhabitants, that the milkmen and butchers for the last few weeks have been able to do but little business. There need, however, be no uneasiness on this subject, as it has been decided by eminent physiologists that the meat or milk of rabid animals can be eaten with the utmost impunity, although we must say that a knowledge of the fact would not make either sinner the better on our stomach.

It is a fact not generally known that hydrophobia is more frequent among cats than dogs. We would recommend to all persons who have either of these animals, to confine them for a few weeks at least.—*New London Gazette.*

CAUGHT BY A WILD BEAST.—A boy, on Friday last, attempted to steal into the menagerie, at Troy, N. Y., by crawling under the canvas. He happened to enter beneath the cage of the Leopard, and the animal seized his arm, drew it through the bars, and lacerated it severely with his claws and teeth. The keeper interfered, or the boy would have been killed.

The brick church in Salem, N. Y., was entirely destroyed by fire on Sunday morning last. Loss, \$10,000.

CITY ELECTION.—Our annual election for city officers was held on Monday last, and resulted in the choice of the following persons:

Mayor.—Thomas K. Brace.
Aldermen.—Jeremy Hoadley, David F. Robinson, Joseph Pratt, Roderrick Terry.
Common Council.—Asahel Saunders, Wm. Hayden, Nath'l Woodhouse, Leonard Kenedy, Jr., Perry Smith, Ezra Strong, Joseph Church, Philip Ripley, John B. Eldridge, James B. Hosmer, Lemuel Humphrey, Denison Morgan, Eli Gilman, John G. Mix, Horace Freeman, Orrin Smith, Isaac D. Bull, Almandor Denslow, Gurdon Fox, Henry Sheldon.

Sheriffs.—Benjamin Hastings, George Story.
Clerk.—William Conner.
Treasurer.—Nathaniel Goodwin.
Collector.—Benjamin Hastings.
Auditor.—William Conner.

HARTFORD AND NEW HAVEN RAILROAD.—This road is now completed and opened for use, to the depot in the rear of the City Hotel. The fare from Hartford to New Haven is reduced to \$1.50.

DEATH OF JUDGE WHITE.—A Knoxville (Tennessee) paper mentions the death of the Hon. Hugh L. White, late a Senator of the United States.

From the Boston Mercantile Journal.

ATTEMPT AT MURDER AND SUICIDE.—We publish below a letter from North Brookfield, detailing one of the most singular cases of crime, which our column have chronicled for so long time.

NORTH BROOKFIELD, April 11, 1840.

MR. EDITOR—I take this method to inform you of one of the most singular and tragical affairs that ever took place in this or any other country. Whipple Bartlett, son of Eli Bartlett, a man about 28 years of age, committed suicide last Thursday night, under the following circumstances. It appears that Mr. Nathaniel Snow owed him about twenty-five dollars, which he was unable to pay, and as Bartlett was a miser in his disposition, it was a source of great vexation to him, and he had intimated that if he did not pay him, he would get satisfaction in some other way.

Mr. Ashur Rice, who now lives in the north part of Spencer, also owed him three or four dollars, which Bartlett found it difficult to collect of him. Under these circumstances, he came to the conclusion to expend a little more money upon the Farmington Canal, or to loan the credit of the city to the New Haven and Northampton Company. The vote of 16th June last authorizing a further loan by the city (the certificates not being yet issued) was repealed. The New Haven Herald, in reference to these proceedings says,

The toil and labor of twenty years are thus sacrificed in a single day, for it is generally conceded that no further efforts will be made by the Company to put the Canal in order and keep up a navigation.

He then collected all his property of every kind, packed his clothes in a trunk, and carried the trunk to a house near the place where he had left the wood, and told the people that he should call for it on Thursday, or some time in the night. On Thursday afternoon he hired Mr. Cyrus French's horse and wagon and started for North Brookfield.

On the way he met his brother, and told him he wanted to sell him his axe and fishing spear, which he did, and insisted upon having the pay for them on the spot, as he said he wanted every cent that was due to him. He came over to our place and stopped at the tavern, put up his horse, ordered oats for his horse, and supper for himself, and requested to have the wagon wheels greased. His sister was living in the tavern, and he talked with her as usual, and got from her a watch of his, which he had lent her. He started from the tavern in the evening, and was next heard of at Ashur Rice's, where he called and asked Rice if he could pay him what he owed him. Rice told him he could not. That is very strange.

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Upon that he drew a pistol, and was about to fire at Rice, which he discovering, pushed him out of the door. He then went to Nathaniel Snow's and arrived there about ten o'clock. Mr. Snow's family had all retired but himself and wife. He knocked at the door, and Mr. Snow opened it, and asked him to walk in. He again drew a pistol, and fired at Snow, and hit him on the breast bone, the force of the ball being broken by striking against a metal button on his vest. He stayed till he saw Snow fall, and heard him groan, and then ran to his wagon, which he had hitched at a short distance from the house probably to prevent his horse from being frightened by the report of the pistol. He then drove to the house where he had left the load of wood. There he deposited his trunk and other effects, and took his wagon into the road, took his horse out of the shafts and hitched him to the fence, put a buffalo skin on him and returned to his funeral pile. He placed himself in such a position as that he thought he would fall on the wood, which he had previously set on fire, and on which he had thrown all his property. He then blew his brains out with a pistol, but when he fell he did not fall on the wood, as he intended, but fell down by the side of it. In this situation he was found next day, with one hand burnt off and one side of his face burnt to a coal. It appears that it was his intention to have destroyed himself and all his property, even to the last cent. And as his axe and spear would not burn, he sold them for money. In the ashes of the fire were found about 14 oz. of melted silver, and in his pockets 70 or 80 dollars in bills, and his two watches. Three pistols laid by his side, one for Rice, one for Snow, and one for himself.

Snow was not much hurt by the ball, and was able to attend the funeral of Bartlett yesterday.

There is no evidence but that Bartlett was perfectly sane, and not immediately under the influence of spirit, although his habits are said to have been rather bad of late, and in the fire was found the remains of a stone jug and a decanter. How much influence rum had in this transaction, I have not yet had an opportunity to enquire—for as soon as I heard of it, I set off in pursuit of Bartlett and did not get back till just before he was buried.

Bartlett was a very singular man. The only object that he was known to love was money, and he has said that he would not outlive his property.—From a child he was remarkably taciturn, and was scarcely ever known to smile. Of course, I cannot detail to you all the circumstances of this strange affair, which has broken in upon our quiet village, like a clap of thunder from out a clear sky.

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It is a fact not generally known that hydrophobia is more frequent among cats than dogs. We would recommend to all persons who have either of these animals, to confine them for a few weeks at least.—*New London Gazette.*

CAUGHT BY A WILD BEAST.—A boy, on Friday last, attempted to steal into the menagerie, at Troy, N. Y., by crawling under the canvas. He happened to enter beneath the cage of the Leopard, and the animal seized his arm, drew it through the bars, and lacerated it severely with his claws and teeth. The keeper interfered, or the boy would have been killed.

The brick church in Salem, N. Y., was entirely destroyed by fire on Sunday morning last. Loss, \$10,000.

HORRIBLE EFFECTS OF RUM!—In the last number of the Maine Temperance Gazette, we find a most distressing recital, of which the following is an abstract.

On the morning of the 26th ult., Joshua Hutchins and Asa Grace, both of Shapleigh, in this State, were found lying dead in the road, in said town. Hutchins was 16 and Grace 18 years of age. These young men both resided in the same family. Neither of these have a mother living, and their fathers are both inebriates, and have gone from Shapleigh, leaving their children to the cold charities of the world.

It appeared in evidence before the jury that the man with whom they lived (who, by the way, is not a temperance man) sent these boys on the morning of the 25th to work for a Mr. Goodwin who is a retailer, but who was out of rum at the time. He however procured some in the course of the day, and at evening when the lads had done their work, they went to the store, and asked for something to drink. The decanter was accordingly set on, and they "helped themselves." After Mr. G. had left the store, they called on his brother for more rum, which he supplied, not knowing that they had had any before. They left the store between seven and eight in the evening for home; and were found as above related, early the next morning!

The Jury returned for verdict, "that the said Asa Grace and Joshua Hutchins came to their death by the excessive use of intoxicating drink, obtained at the store of Moses Goodwin, Jr., at Shapleigh aforesaid, and subsequent exposure to cold in attempting to go home." The jurors were all of one opinion.

This is one of those occasional incidents on which comments are tame. The reader or hearer, if he possess the sympathies common to man will prefer to blush in silence for the honor of humanity. He may not speak his feelings, for language cannot represent them.

That this event produced a deep sensation in the town where it occurred, appears from the fact that at the funeral of those young men, 178 individuals voluntarily gave in their names to be appended to a *total abstinence* pledge; and the day was appointed to organize a society, the first of the kind that ever existed in the place.—*Advocate & Baptist.*

NEW HAVEN AND NORTHAMPTON CANAL.—At a meeting of the citizens of New Haven on Wednesday last, it was voted to be inexpedient for the city to expend any more money upon the Farmington Canal, or to loan the credit of the city to the New Haven and Northampton Company. The vote of 16th June last authorizing a further loan by the city (the certificates not being yet issued) was repealed. The New Haven Herald, in reference to these proceedings says,

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A DWELLING HOUSE DESTROYED BY FIRE.—In New Durham, N. Y., last week, and a child 4 years old perished in the flames.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 23d inst., by Rev. William L. Dennis, Lucas Barbour, Esq., to Miss Harriet Louisa Day, daughter of Albert Day, Esq., of this city.

In this city, on the 23d inst., by Rev. Mr. Daggett, Mrs. Frederick F. Rice, to Miss Elizabeth Beach

THE CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

POETRY.

From the Portsmouth Journal.

JOY AMONG ANGELS.

There is joy in the presence of the Angels of God, over one sinner that repeneth.—Luke xv. 10.

Hark! the golden harps of Heaven,
Join in full melodious sound!
Hark! the angels all are singing,
Through the heavenly regions round!

Why is there such joy in Heaven?
Why do angels smiling stand,
Listening now with silent rapture,
Each a harp within his hand?

Why? a sinner is repenting!
See the tears before his eye!
Angels watch to catch the whisper,
As his prayer ascends on high.

Why so brightly shines the tear-drop
Now upon the sinner's cheek?
To that tear, the diamond's lustre
Would seem dim, and pale, and weak.

Why? it is the bright reflection,
From the wings of angels near,
(Come to bring that sinner's pardon,)
Which illumines that pearly tear.

Oh, what joy there is in heaven!
Angels wing their way to earth,
And with smiling, joyful faces,
Hail that pardoned sinner's birth!

Then again in holy rapture,
Back to Heaven they wing their way,
Leaving the redeemed rejoicing
In the light of Gospel day!

Now again the harps of Heaven,
Sound a louder, loftier strain!
All the Angel choirs are singing!
Saints on earth, rejoice again!

February 24, 1840.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE TREMBLING EYE-LID.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

It was the day before Christmas, in the year 1778, that during our war of the Revolution, an armed vessel sailed out of the port of Boston. She was strongly built, and carried 20 guns, with a well appointed crew of more than a hundred, and provisions for a cruise of six months. As she spread her broad white sails, and steered from the harbor with a fair fresh breeze, she made a noble appearance. Many throbbing hearts breathed a blessing on her voyage, for she bore a company of as bold and skilful seamen as ever dared the perils of the deep. But soon the north wind blew, and brought a heavy sea into the bay. The night proved dark, and they came to anchor with difficulty near the harbor of Plymouth. The strong gale that buffeted them became a storm, and the storm a hurricane.

Snow fell, and the cold was terribly severe. The vessel was driven from her moorings, and struck on a rock. She sprung a leak, and were obliged to cut away her masts. The sea arose above the main deck sweeping over it at every surge. They made every exertion that courage could prompt or hardiness endure. But so fearful were the wind and cold, that the stoutest man was not able to strike more than two blows in cutting away the mast without being relieved by another. The wretched people thronged together upon the quarter deck, which was crowded almost to suffocation. They were exhausted with toil and suffering, but could obtain neither provisions nor fresh water. They all were covered by the deep sea, when the vessel became a wreck. But unfortunately, the crew got access to ardent spirits, and many of them drank to intoxication. Insubordination, mutiny and madness ensued. The officers remained clear minded, but lost all authority over the crew, who raved around them. A more frightful scene can scarcely be imagined. The dark sky, the raging storm, the waves breaking wildly over the rocks, and threatening every moment to swallow up the broken vessel, and the half frozen beings who maintained their icy hold on life, lost to reason and to duty, or fighting fiercely with each other. Some lay in disgusting stupor, others, with fiery faces, blasphemed God. Some in temporary delirium, fancied themselves in palaces surrounded by luxury, and brutally abused the servants, who they supposed refused to do their bidding. Others there were, who amid the beating of that pitiless tempest, believed themselves in the home that they never more must see, and with hollow reproachful voices, besought bread, and wondered why water was withheld from them by the hands that were most dear. A few whose worst passions were quickened by alcohol to a fiend-like fury, assaulted or wounded those who came in their way, making shrieks of defiance, and their curses heard above the roar of the storm. Intemperance never displayed itself in more distressing attitudes. At length Death began to do his work. The miserable creatures fell dead every hour upon the deck, being frozen stiff and hard. Each corpse, as it became breathless, was laid upon the heap of dead, that more space might be left for the survivors. Those who drank most freely were the first to perish. On the third day of these horrors, the inhabitants of Plymouth, after making many ineffectual attempts, reached the wreck, not without danger. What a melancholy spectacle! Lifeless bodies stiffened in every form that suffering could devise. Many lay in a vast pile. Others sat with their hands reclining on their knees; others grasping the ice-covered ropes; some in a posture of defence like the dying gladiator; others with hands held up to heaven, as if deprecating their fate. Orders were given to search earnestly for every mark or sign of life. One boy was distinguished amid the mass of dead, only by the trembling of one of his eye-lids. The poor survivors were kindly received into the houses of the people of Plymouth, and every effort used for their restoration. The Captain and Lieutenant and a few others, who had abstained from the use of ardent spirits, survived. The remainder were buried, some in separate graves, and others in a large pit, whose hollow is still to be seen on the southwest side of the burial ground in Plymouth. The funeral ob-

sequies were most solemn. When the clergyman who was to perform the last service, first entered and saw more than seventy dead bodies, some fixing upon him their stony eyes, and others with faces stiffened into the horrible expression of their last mortal agony, he was so affected as to faint.

Some were brought on shore alive and received every attention, but survived only a short time. Others were restored after long sickness, but with their limbs so injured by the frost, as to be accustomed to paint their faces. It will be seen that the analogy was by no means a far fetched one. Both the articles made those who used them appear what they were not. Hence the coincidence in the name.

In a village, at some distance from Plymouth, a widowed mother, with her daughter, were constantly attending a couch on which lay a sufferer. It was the boy whose trembling eye-lid attracted the notice of pity, as he lay among the dead.

"Mother," he said, in a feeble tone, "God bless you for having taught me to avoid ardent spirits. It was this that saved me. After those around me grew intoxicated, I had enough to do to protect myself from them. Some attacked and dared me to fight. Others pressed the poisonous draught to my lips and made me drink. But I knew if I drank with them, I must lose my reason as they did, and perhaps, blaspheme my Maker."

"One by one, they died, those poor infatuated wretches. Their shrieks and groans still seem to ring in my ears. It was vain that the Captain and other officers, and a few good men, warned them what would ensue, if they thus continued to drink—and tried every method in their power to restore them to order. They still died upon the intoxicating liquor. They grew delirious—they died in heaps.

"Dear mother, our sufferings from hunger and cold you cannot imagine. After my feet were frozen, but before I lost the use of my hands, I discovered a box among fragments of the wreck, far under the water. I toiled with a rope to drag it up. But my strength was not sufficient. A comrade, who was still able to move a little, assisted me. At length it came within our reach. We hoped that it might contain bread, and took courage. Uniting our strength, we burst it open. It contained only a few bottles of olive oil, yet we gave God thanks. For we found that by occasionally moistening our lips with it, and swallowing a little, it allayed the gnawing, burning pain in the stomach. Then my comrade died, and I laid beside him, as one dead, surrounded by corpses. Presently the violence of the tempest that had long raged, subsided—and I heard quick footsteps and strange voices amid the wreck where we lay. They were the blessed people of Plymouth, who had dared every danger to save us. They lifted in their arms and wrapped in blankets all who could speak. Then they earnestly sought all who could move. But every drunkard was among the dead. And I was so exhausted with toil and suffering and cold, that I could not stretch a hand to my deliverers. They passed me again and again. They carried the living to the boat. I feared that I was left behind. Then I prayed earnestly in my heart, 'O Lord, for the sake of my widowed mother, for the sake of my dear sister, above FIFTY valuable works, for only \$7.50, to be paid in yearly installments of \$1.50 each. Again let them begin to lay aside only 24 cts. per week in readiness for another year, let them do so for 5 years, and we will furnish them with a mass of information, and argument which would cost from thirty to forty dollars at the bookstores. None, however, will be held responsible for more than one year at a time.

The Baptist Library is designed to embrace five complete departments, which will include the following works, viz:

HISTORICAL.—Ivimey's History of the English Baptists; Benedict's History of the Baptists in America; Backus' History of the Baptists in New-England; History of the Welsh Baptists, from the year 73 to the year 1770, by J. Davis; Semple's History of the Baptists in Virginia; Mann's Lectures on Non-conformity; Jones' History of the Christian Church; Robinson's History of Baptism.

ARGUMENTATIVE.—Booth's Pedobaptism examined; Gale's reply to Wall; Inne's Conversation on Baptism; Newland's Defence of the Baptists; Carson's reply to Ewing; Cox's Review of Dwight; Fuller on Communion; Judson's Sermons; Pengilly's Scripture guide to Baptism; Booth's vindication of the Baptists from the charge of Bigotry; Gill's Tracts; Taylor's Tracts; Wilson's Scripture Manual; The Baptism, or the Little Inquirer, by Jones Jewell.

BIOGRAPHICAL.—This division will embrace the complete Memoirs of Fuller, Hall, Pearce, Bunn, Roland, Stoughton, Boardman, Carey, Mrs. Judson, Mrs. Malcom, &c., &c., besides SEVERAL HUNDRED SKETCHES, which will be selected from various sources.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Under this head will be embraced a collection of all the valuable fugitive pieces to be found; together with such NEW WORKS as may appear in future.

Last, though not least, the PRACTICAL and DOCTRINAL department will comprise such works as, The Pilgrim's Progress, The Holy War, The Travels of True Godliness, The Gospel its Own Witness, Booth's Reign of Grace, Booth's Glad Tidings to Perishing Sinners, &c., &c.

Catalogue of Works pledged to be published in the first yearly volume of the Baptist Library.

Westlake's General View of Baptism. Our reader will be able to form an estimate of this work from the portion of it already published.

History of the Baptists in New England, Ab'd. By Isaac Backus. Mr. Benedict, the historian, remarks concerning this history—"His (Mr. Backus') historical works contain a vast fund of materials of the utmost importance towards a history of our denomination."

Conversations on strict and mixed Communion, by J. G. Fuller. No Baptist can read this work without admiring it. It is a masterly performance.

Pedobaptism Examined. By Abraham Booth.

"As a controversial work it is without parallel. It should be reprinted."

An Examination of President Dwight's discourses on Baptism. By F. L. Cox, L.L. D., of London. A pertinent exposure of modern sophistry.

A Scripture Guide to Baptism. By R. Pengilly. Contains every passage of Scripture upon the subject of Baptism, with brief, but judicious comments, and much other valuable matter. It has passed through nine editions in England, and several in this country.

A Vindication of the Baptists from the charge of Bigotry. By Abraham Booth. "A most valuable treatise. Ought to be studied much, especially by young disciples."

The Watery War. By John of Enon. This is a Poem, and was designed as an exposure of the absurdity of the Pedobaptist mode of reasoning.

Wilson's Scripture Manual. "Describes the process of conviction in the mind of an inquirer. Scriptural and conclusive. Perhaps the most useful of its kind and size."

Biographical Sketches of the following characters, and others.—John Asplund, Isaac Backus, Eliab Baker, Robert Carter, Esq., James Chilles, Joseph Cook, Lemuel Covel, Elijah Craig, Morgan Edwards, Benjamin Foster, Daniel Fristoe, John Gano, Oliver Hart, Samuel Harris, Dutton Lane, Lewis Luusford, James Manning, Richard Major, Daniel Marshall, Eliakim Marshall, Silas Mercer, Joshua Morse, Joseph Reese, Shubael Stearns, Samuel Stillman, Gardner Thurston, Jeremiah Walker, Saunders Walker, John Walker, Wm. Webber, Peter Werden, John Williams.

In addition to the above, we design, in case our subscription list shall warrant it, to embellish our columns with appropriate and well executed engravings.

We may also state that we shall maintain a correspondence with those brethren who are qualified by their extensive information, to aid us in the important undertaking. For the judicious counsel some valuable brethren have already favored us with, we are grateful, and we doubt not we shall find many others who will be disposed to give us such results of their experience and reading as will tend to perfect our plan.

Sold Wholesale and Retail at R. WHITE'S and by ROBINS & FOLGER.

Hartford, Feb., 1840.

Be wisely worldly; but not worldly wise.

Permit us now dear brother or sister, father or

ORIGIN OF THE NAME ALCOHOL.—The Zion's Advocate says, "In a temperance address recently delivered in this city by Rev. Mr. Lovejoy, the speaker stated that the art of manufacturing alcohol was invented in Arabia some time in the eighth or ninth century, and that it borrowed its name from that of a fine impalpable powder, with which the females of that country were accustomed to paint their faces. It will be seen that the analogy was by no means a far fetched one. Both the articles made those who used them appear what they were not. Hence the coincidence in the name."

A CHINESE MAP OF THE WORLD.—It is two feet wide by three and a half high, and is almost covered with China! In the left hand corner, at the top, is a sea, three inches square, in which are delineated as small islands, Europe, England, France, Holland, Portugal and Africa. Holland is as large as all the rest, and Africa is not so big as the end of one's little finger! The northern frontier is Russia, very large. The left corner at the bottom, is occupied by the "western ocean," as it is called, containing the Malay peninsula, pretty well defined. Along the bottom are Camboja, Cochinchina, &c., represented as moderate sized islands, and on the right is Formosa, larger than all the rest put together. Various other countries are shown as small islands. I should have given an engraving of this curious map, but a true reduction to the size of a page would have left out most of these countries altogether. The surrounding ocean is represented as huge waves, with smooth passages, or highways branching off to the different countries, or islands, as they represent them to be. They suppose that ships that keep along these highways go safely, but if they, through ignorance, or stress of weather diverge, they soon get among these awful billows, and are lost! —Malcom's Travels.

The Baptist Library.

PROSPECTUS.

ALBANY, March 24, 1840.

I have received and examined with great pleasure, the first No. of the Baptist Library, with your prospectus, announcing the design of its publication; and most sincerely do I hope that your enterprise will be sanctioned by the smiles of the great Head of the Church, and rendered eminently successful. I have long regarded a re-print of the standard works of our denomination as an object of very great importance.

Your prospectus is the more gratifying, as it proposes to open those mines in a form that will render their treasures accessible to all who are capable of appreciating their value. There are but few, if any among our people who cannot avail themselves of the opportunity you present, to furnish their book cases with the most valuable theological works extant, and from the pens of their own brethren. I trust your publication will be greeted with the favor of the churches, and be liberally supported by their patronage throughout the land.

B. T. WELCH, Pastor of Pearl St. Bap. Chh. Albany.

I cheerfully concur in the above.

J. L. HONGE, Pastor of Green St. Chh, Albany.

BOUNDF VOLUMES.

Those who desire it can have the BAPTIST LIBRARY delivered to them, every 6 months, neatly bound, in Boards, with leather backs, and gilt lettering, at an advance of ONE DOLLAR per year on the price of the work in numbers. As this plan will save the postage, (39 cents,) the extra cost, for the Binding and delivery, will be only 61 cents. To do this, we must have as many as 15 subscribers in a place.

ROBINS & FOLGER, Hartford, will receive subscriptions in this vicinity.

Doddridge's Family Expositor.

Cottage Bibles.

Henry's and Scott's Expositions.

The Old and New Testaments, Historically and Chronologically arranged with notes, by Rev. G. Townsend.

Paragraph Bible by Coit and Nourse.

Wesley's Works.

Henry's Daily Commentary.

Plenary Inspiration of the Scriptures, by Rev. S. Noble.

Bickersteth's Works.

Evidences of Christianity, by Alexander, Paley,

Jenyns and Leslie.

Tholuck's Commentary on the Gospel of St. John.

Lives of Virginia Baptist ministers.

Baptists in America, by Cox and Hoby.

Young man's Closet Companion.

Good's Better Covenant.

Cases of Conscience.

Olahausen on the Genuineness of the New Testament.

Philosophy of Benevolence, by Church.

Hannah Moore's Practical Piety. Do. on Prayer.

Philip's Guide.

Phinney's Lectures.

Physical Theory of another Life.

Harvey on Moral Agency.

Corner Stone, Way to do good, and Young Christian, by Abbott.

Wilberforce's Practical View.

Brownlee's Lights and Shadows.

Judd's Review of Stuart.

Cogswell's Manual of Theology.

Means and Ends.

Simple Sketches, Student's Manual and Sabbath School Teacher, by Todd.

Book of Common Prayer, various size and binding.

Select Family Sermons, by Bishop McIlvaine.

Campbell on the Four Gospels.

Tyndale's New Testament.

Life of Jeremy Taylor.

Holy Living and Dying, by do.

Child's Book of the Sabbath.

Dominion of Christ.

Synington on the Atonement.